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THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS
AND OTHER POEMS

43767

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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To

SIR EDWARD GREY

I THAT TWINED A WREATH FOR OLDEN SPLENDOUR—
DRAKE AND BLAKE AND NELSON'S MIGHTY NAME—
COME AGAIN TO DECK WITH FLOWERS MORE TENDER
NEW-MADE GRAVES OF UNACCOMPLISHED FAME.

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THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS

OCTOBER, 1899

THEY saw the cables loosened, they saw the gangways cleared,
They heard the women weeping, they heard the men that cheered;
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died away,
And all alone the sea-wind came singing up the Bay.

"I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came by Trafalgar,
I swept from Torres Vedras to golden Vigo Bar,
I saw the beacons blazing that fired the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to fight.

"O race of tireless fighters, flushed with a youth renewed,
Right well the wars of Freedom befit the Sea-kings' brood;
Yet as ye go forget not the fame of yonder shore,
The fame ye owe your fathers and the old time before.

"Long-suffering were the Sea-kings, they were not swift to kill,
But when the sands had fallen they waited no man's will;
Though all the world forbade them, they counted not nor cared,
They weighed not help or hindrance, they did the thing they dared.

"The Sea-kings loved not boasting, they cursed not him that cursed,
They honoured all men duly, and him that faced them, first;

They strove and knew not hatred, they
smote and toiled to save,
They tended whom they vanquished, they
praised the fallen brave.

"Their fame's on Torres Vedras, their
fame's on Vigo Bar,
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it burns
from Trafalgar;
Mark as ye go the beacons that woke the
world with light
When down their ancient highway your
fathers passed to fight."

WAGGON HILL

DRAKE in the North Sea grimly prowling,
Treading his dear *Revenge's* deck,
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growling,
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.
"Fetter and Faith for England's neck,
Faggot and Father, Saint and chain,—
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,
Knowing the night that toward him crept,
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying
This for a sign before he slept:—

" Pride of the West ! What Devon hath kept
Devon shall keep on tide or main ;
Call to the storm and drive them flying,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain ! "

Valour of England gaunt and whitening,
Far in a South land brought to bay,
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,
Waited the end in twilight gray.
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way !
Drake from his long rest turned again,
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain !

THE VOLUNTEER

" HE leapt to arms unbidden,
Unneeded, over-bold ;
His face by earth is hidden,
His heart in earth is cold.

" Curse on the reckless daring
That could not wait the call,
The proud fantastic bearing
That would be first to fall ! "

O tears of human passion,
Blur not the image true ;
This was not folly's fashion,
This was the man we knew.

THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
What ring of festal light?

"*In the great window as the day was dwindling*
I saw an old man stand;
His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand."

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
No sound of joy or wail?
"'*A great fight and a good death,*' *he muttered;*
'*Trust him, he would not fail.*'"

What of the chamber dark where she was
lying
For whom all life is done?
" *Within her heart she rocks a dead child,*
crying
'My son, my little son.' "

THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BYE

"When Lieutenant Murray fell, the only words he spoke were, 'Forward, Grenadiers!"—*Press Telegram.*

HERE they halted, here once more
Hand from hand was rent;
Here his voice above the roar
Rang, and on they went.
Yonder out of sight they crossed,
Yonder died the cheers;
One word lives where all is lost—
"Forward, Grenadiers!"

This alone he asked of fame,
This alone of pride;
Still with this he faced the flame,
Answered Death, and died.
Crest of battle sunward tossed,
Song of the marching years,
This shall live though all be lost—
"Forward, Grenadiers!"

THE SCHOOLFELLOW

OUR game was his but yesteryear ;
We wished him back ; we could not know
The self-same hour we missed him here
He led the line that broke the foe.

Blood-red behind our guarded posts
Sank as of old the dying day ;
The battle ceased ; the mingled hosts
Weary and cheery went their way :

" To-morrow well may bring," we said,
" As fair a fight, as clear a sun."
Dear lad, before the word was sped,
For evermore thy goal was won.

ON SPION KOP

FOREMOST of all on battle's fiery steep
Here VERTUE[1] fell, and here he sleeps his sleep.
A fairer name no Roman ever gave
To stand sole monument on Valour's grave.

[1] Major N. H. Vertue, of the Buffs, Brigade-Major to General Woodgate, was buried where he fell, on the edge of Spion Kop, in front of the British position.

THE SCHOOL AT WAR

ALL night before the brink of death
In fitful sleep the army lay,
For through the dream that stilled their breath
Too gauntly glared the coming day.

But we, within whose blood there leaps
The fulness of a life as wide
As Avon's water where he sweeps
Seaward at last with Severn's tide,

We heard beyond the desert night
The murmur of the fields we knew,
And our swift souls with one delight
Like homing swallows Northward flew.

We played again the immortal games,
And grappled with the fierce old friends,

And cheered the dead undying names,
And sang the song that never ends;

Till, when the hard, familiar bell
Told that the summer night was late,
Where long ago we said farewell,
We said farewell by the old gate.

"O Captains unforgot," they cried,
"Come you again or come no more,
Across the world you keep the pride,
Across the world we mark the score."

BY THE HEARTH-STONE

By the hearth-stone
She sits alone,
  The long night bearing:
With eyes that gleam
Into the dream
  Of the firelight staring.

Low and more low
The dying glow
  Burns in the embers;
She nothing heeds
And nothing needs—
  Only remembers.

PEACE

No more to watch by Night's eternal
shore,
With England's chivalry at dawn to
ride;
No more defeat, faith, victory—O! no
more
A cause on earth for which we might
have died.

COMMEMORATION

I SAT by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell
Where the sunlight fell of old,
And the hour was the hour my heart remembered well,
And the sermon rolled and rolled
As it used to roll when the place was still unhaunted,
And the strangest tale in the world was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent sound
That I so clearly heard,
The green young forest of saplings clustered round
Was heeding not one word:

Their heads were bowed in a still serried
patience
Such as an angel's breath could never
have stirred.

For some were already away to the
hazardous pitch,
Or lining the parapet wall,
And some were in glorious battle, or
great and rich,
Or throned in a college hall:
And among the rest was one like my own
young phantom,
Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

"O Youth," the preacher was crying,
"deem not thou
Thy life is thine alone;
Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing
how
They built thee bone by bone,

And within thy blood the Great Age
sleeps sepulchred
Till thou and thine shall roll away the
stone.

"Therefore the days are coming when
thou shalt burn
With passion whitely hot;
Rest shall be rest no more; thy feet shall
spurn
All that thy hand hath got;
And One that is stronger shall gird thee,
and lead thee swiftly
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest
not."

And the School passed; and I saw the
living and dead
Set in their seats again,
And I longed to hear them speak of the
word that was said,

But I knew that I longed in vain.
And they stretched forth their hands, and
the wind of the spirit took them
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless
plain.

VICTORIA REGINA

JUNE 21ST, 1897 [1]

A THOUSAND years by sea and land
Our race hath served the island kings,
But not by custom's dull command
To-day with song her Empire rings :

Not all the glories of her birth,
Her armed renown and ancient throne,
Could make her less the child of earth
Or give her hopes beyond our own :

But stayed on faith more sternly proved
And pride than ours more pure and deep,
She loves the land our fathers loved
And keeps the fame our sons shall keep.

[1] These lines, with music by Doctor Lloyd, formed part of the *Cycle of Song* offered to Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, in celebration of her second Jubilee.

THE KING OF ENGLAND

JUNE 24TH, 1902

IN that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
The rose imperial of our delight,
Then, even then, though no man cried "He comes,"
And no man turned to greet him passing there,
With phantom heralds challenging renown
And silent-throbbing drums
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
The lions bore the dint of many a lance,
And up and down his mantle's azure field
Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
Before him went with banner floating wide
The yeoman breed that served his honour best,
And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
But in the place of pride
His admirals in billowy lines abreast
Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face
And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,

But round his lips were lines of tenderer
grace
Such as no hand but Time's hath ever
drawn.
Surely he knew his glory had no part
In dull decay, nor unto Death must
bend,
Yet surely too of lengthening shadows
dreamed
With sunset in his heart,
So brief his beauty now, so near the
end,
And now so old and so immortal
seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:
O King of men that die, though we must
fail
Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant
sea,

O man that servest men by right of birth,
Our hearts' content thy heart shall also keep,
Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee down
In our dear native earth,
Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
For ever rides abroad through London town.

THE NILE

OUT of the unknown South,
Through the dark lands of drouth,
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber gliding:
Clear-mirrored in his dream
The deeds that haunt his stream
Flash out and fade like stars in midnight sliding.
Long since, before the life of man
Rose from among the lives that creep,
With Time's own tide began
That still mysterious sleep,
Only to cease when Time shall reach the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast
The early gods have passed,

They waned and perished with the faith that made them ;
The long phantasmal line
Of Pharaohs crowned divine
Are dust among the dust that once obeyed them.
Their land is one mute burial mound,
Save when across the drifted years
Some chant of hollow sound,
Some triumph blent with tears,
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens the desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be
No memory dwells with thee
Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian singer ?
The legions' iron tramp,
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,
Had these no fame that by thy shore might linger ?

Nay, then must all be lost indeed,
Lost too the swift pursuing might
That cleft with passionate speed
Aboukir's tranquil night,
And shattered in mid-swoop the great
world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth
Spirits of starry birth,
Whose splendour rushed to no eternal
setting:
They over all endure,
Their course through all is sure,
The dark world's light is still of their
begetting.
Though the long past forgotten lies,
Nile! in thy dream remember him,
Whose like no more shall rise
Above our twilight's rim,
Until the immortal dawn shall make
all glories dim.

For this man was not great
By gold or kingly state,
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of earth's wonder;
But more than all his race
He saw life face to face,
And heard the still small voice above the thunder.
O river, while thy waters roll
By yonder vast deserted tomb,
There, where so clear a soul
So shone through gathering doom,
Thou and thy land shall keep the tale of lost Khartoum.

SRÁHMANDÁZI [1]

DEEP embowered beside the forest river,
Where the flame of sunset only falls,
Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,
House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,
By her lord a woman young and strong,
By his chief a songman old and stricken
Watched together till the hour of song.

[1] This ballad is founded on materials given to the author by the late Miss Mary Kingsley on her return from her last visit to the Bantu peoples of West Africa.

"O my songman, now the bow is broken,
Now the arrows one by one are sped,
Sing to me the song of Sráhmandázi,
Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead."

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,
On the last token laid his master's hand,
While he sang the song of Sráhmandázi,
None but dying men can understand.

"Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,
At the self-same hour in Sráhmandázi
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

"There he sees the heroes by their river,
Where the great fish daily upward swim;
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.

"There he sees the kings among their headmen,
Women weaving, children playing games;
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

"Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,
Tell thy heart thy living life is done;
All the days and deeds of Sráhmandázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet
Drew his hand and touched the woman's head:
"Know they not, then, love in Sráhmandázi?
Has a king no bride among the dead?"

Then the songman answered, "O my master,
Love they know, but none may learn it there;

Only souls that reach that land together
Keep their troth and find the twilight fair.

" Thou art still a king, and at thy passing
By thy latest word must all abide :
If thou willest, here am I, thy songman ;
If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride."

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dying,
Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,
Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him
Looked with eyes the coming twilight veiled.

Then he cried, " My songman, I am passing ;
Let her live, her life is but begun ;
All the days and nights of Sráhmandázi
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Yet, when there within the House of Dying
The last silence held the sunset air,
Not alone he came to Sráhmandázi,
Not alone she found the twilight fair:

While the songman, far beneath the forest
Sang of Sráhmandázi all night through,
" Lovely be thy name, O Land of shadows,
Land of meeting, Land of all the true ! "

OUTWARD BOUND

DEAR Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us men,
The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed—
O Mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails are set,
To misty deeps
The channel sweeps—
O Mother, think on us who think on thee!

Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

HOPE THE HORNBLOWER

" HARK ye, hark to the winding horn ;
Sluggards, awake, and front the morn !
Hark ye, hark to the winding horn ;
The sun's on meadow and mill.
Follow me, hearts that love the chase ;
Follow me, feet that keep the pace :
Stirrup to stirrup we ride, we ride,
We ride by moor and hill."

Huntsman, huntsman, whither away ?
What is the quarry afoot to-day ?
Huntsman, huntsman, whither away,
And what the game ye kill ?
Is it the deer, that men may dine ?
Is it the wolf that tears the kine ?
What is the race ye ride, ye ride,
Ye ride by moor and hill ?

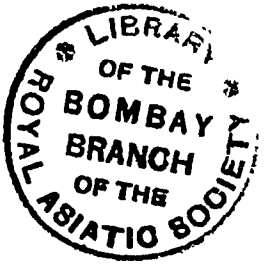
" Ask not yet till the day be dead
What is the game that's forward fled,
Ask not yet till the day be dead
  The game we follow still.
An echo it may be, floating past ;
A shadow it may be, fading fast :
Shadow or echo, we ride, we ride
  We ride by moor and hill."

O PULCHRITUDO

O SAINT whose thousand shrines our feet have trod
And our eyes loved thy lamp's eternal beam,
Dim earthly radiance of the Unknown God,
Hope of the darkness, light of them that dream,
Far off, far off and faint, O glimmer on
Till we thy pilgrims from the road are gone.

O Word whose meaning every sense hath sought,
Voice of the teeming field and grassy mound,
Deep-whispering fountain of the wells of thought,

Will of the wind and soul of all sweet
sound,
Far off, far off and faint, O murmur on
Till we thy pilgrims from the road are
gone.



IN JULY

His beauty bore no token,
No sign our gladness shook ;
With tender strength unbroken
The hand of Life he took :
But the summer flowers were falling,
Falling and fading away,
And mother birds were calling,
Crying and calling
For their loves that would not stay.

He knew not Autumn's chillness,
Nor Winter's wind nor Spring's ;
He lived with Summer's stillness
And sun and sunlit things :
But when the dusk was falling
He went the shadowy way,
And one more heart is calling,
Crying and calling
For the love that would not stay.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

O SON of mine, when dusk shall find thee bending
Between a gravestone and a cradle's head—
Between the love whose name is loss unending
And the young love whose thoughts are liker dread,—
Thou too shalt groan at heart that all thy spending
Cannot repay the dead, the hungry dead.

WHEN I REMEMBER

WHEN I remember that the day will come
For this our love to quit his land of birth,
And bid farewell to all the ways of earth
With lips that must for evermore be dumb,

Then creep I silent from the stirring hum,
And shut away the music and the mirth,
And reckon up what may be left of worth
When hearts are cold and love's own body numb.

Something there must be that I know not
here,
Or know too dimly through the symbol
dear;
Some touch, some beauty, only guessed
by this—
If He that made us loves, it shall replace,
Beloved, even the vision of thy face
And deep communion of thine inmost
kiss.

RONDEL[1]

THOUGH I wander far-off ways,
Dearest, never doubt thou me:

Mine is not the love that strays,
Though I wander far-off ways:

Faithfully for all my days
I have vowed myself to thee:
Though I wander far-off ways,
Dearest, never doubt thou me.

[1] This and the two following pieces are from the French of Wenceslas, Duke of Brabant and Luxembourg, who died in 1384.

RONDEL

LONG ago to thee I gave
Body, soul, and all I have—
Nothing in the world I keep:

All that in return I crave
Is that thou accept the slave
Long ago to thee I gave—
Body, soul, and all I have.

Had I more to share or save,
I would give as give the brave,
Stooping not to part the heap;
Long ago to thee I gave
Body, soul, and all I have—
Nothing in the world I keep.

BALADE

I CANNOT tell, of twain beneath this bond,
Which one in grief the other goes beyond,—
Narcissus, who to end the pain he bore
Died of the love that could not help him more ;
Or I, that pine because I cannot see
The lady who is queen and love to me.

Nay—for Narcissus, in the forest pond
Seeing his image, made entreaty fond,
" Beloved, comfort on my longing pour " :
So for a while he soothed his passion sore ;
So cannot I, for all too far is she—
The lady who is queen and love to me.

But since that I have Love's true colours donned,
I in his service will not now despond,

For in extremes Love yet can all restore:
So till her beauty walks the world no more
All day remembered in my hope shall be
The lady who is queen and love to me.

THE VIKING'S SONG

WHEN I thy lover first
Shook out my canvas free
And like a pirate burst
Into that dreaming sea,
The land knew no such thirst
As then tormented me.

Now when at eve returned
I near that shore divine,
Where once but watch-fires burned
I see thy beacon shine,
And know the land hath learned
Desire that welcomes mine.

THE SUFI IN THE CITY

I.

WHEN late I watched the arrows of the sleet
Against the windows of the Tavern beat,
I heard a Rose that murmured from her Pot:
"Why trudge thy fellows yonder in the Street?

II.

"Before the phantom of False morning dies,
Choked in the bitter Net that binds the skies,
Their feet, bemired with Yesterday, set out
For the dark alleys where To-morrow lies.

III.

"Think you, when all their petals they have bruised,
And all the fragrances of Life confused,
That Night with sweeter rest will comfort these
Than us, who still within the Garden mused?

IV.

"Think you the Gold they fight for all day long
Is worth the frugal Peace their clamours wrong?
Their Titles, and the Name they toil to build—
Will they outlast the echoes of our Song?"

V.

O Sons of Omar, what shall be the close
Seek not to know, for no man living knows:

But while within your hands the Wine
is set
Drink ye—to Omar and the Dreaming
Rose!

YATTENDON

AMONG the woods and tillage
That fringe the topmost downs,
All lonely lies the village,
Far off from seas and towns.
Yet when her own folk slumbered
I heard within her street
Murmur of men unnumbered
And march of myriad feet.

For all she lies so lonely,
Far off from towns and seas,
The village holds not only
The roofs beneath her trees:
While Life is sweet and tragic
And Death is veiled and dumb,
Hither, by singer's magic,
The pilgrim world must come.

AMONG THE TOMBS

SHE is a lady fair and wise,
Her heart her counsel keeps,
And well she knows of time that flies
And tide that onward sweeps ;
But still she sits with restless eyes
Where Memory sleeps—
Where Memory sleeps.

Ye that have heard the whispering dead
In every wind that creeps,
Or felt the stir that strains the lead
Beneath the mounded heaps,
Tread softly, ah ! more softly tread
Where Memory sleeps—
Where Memory sleeps.

A SOWER

WITH sanguine looks
And rolling walk
Among the rooks
He loved to stalk,

While on the land
With gusty laugh
From a full hand
He scattered chaff.

Now that within
His spirit sleeps
A harvest thin
The sickle reaps ;

But the dumb fields
Desire his tread,
And no earth yields
A wheat more red.

THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

IT'S good to see the School we knew,
The land of youth and dream,
To greet again the rule we knew
Before we took the stream :
Though long we've missed the sight of her,
Our hearts may not forget ;
We've lost the old delight of her,
We keep her honour yet.

We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all :
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.

The stars and sounding vanities
That half the crowd bewitch,
What are they but inanities
To him that treads the pitch?
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,
Could buy the cheers that roll
When the last charge goes thundering
Beneath the twilight goal?

The men that tanned the hide of us,
Our daily foes and friends,
They shall not lose their pride of us
Howe'er the journey ends.
Their voice, to us who sing of it,
No more its message bears,
But the round world shall ring of it
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,
There's little here can bide,
But we may face the centuries,
And dare the deepening tide:

For though the dust that's part of us
To dust again be gone,
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—
The School we handed on!

We'll honour yet the School we knew,
The best School of all:
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For, working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best School of all.

THE BRIGHT "MEDUSA"

1807

SHE'S the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
  And we call her, if you please, the
    bright *Medu—sa*;
From beneath her bosom bare
To the snakes among her hair
  She's a flash o' golden light, the
    bright *Medu—sa.*

When the ensign dips above
And the guns are all for love,
  She's as gentle as a dove, the bright
    Medu—sa;
But when the shot's in rack
And her forestay flies the Jack,
  He's a merry man would slight the
    bright *Medu—sa.*

When she got the word to go
Up to Monte Video,
There she found the river low, the bright *Medu—sa* ;
So she tumbled out her guns
And a hundred of her sons,
And she taught the Dons to fight the bright *Medu—sa.*

When the foeman can be found
With the pluck to cross her ground,
First she walks him round and round, the bright *Medu—sa* ;
Then she rakes him fore and aft
Till he's just a jolly raft,
And she grabs him like a kite, the bright *Medu—sa.*

She's the daughter of the breeze,
She's the darling of the seas,
And you'll call her, if you please, the bright *Medu—sa* ;

For till England's sun be set—
And its not for setting yet—
She shall bear her name by right,
the bright *Medu—sa.*

NORTHUMBERLAND

"The Old and Bold."

WHEN England sets her banner forth
And bids her armour shine,
She'll not forget the famous North,
The lads of moor and Tyne;
And when the loving-cup's in hand
And Honour leads the cry,
They know not old Northumberland
Who'll pass her memory by.

When Nelson sailed for Trafalgar
With all his country's best,
He held them dear as brothers are,
But one beyond the rest.
For when the fleet with heroes manned
To clear the decks began,
The boast of old Northumberland
He sent to lead the van.

Himself by *Victory's* bulwark stood
And cheered to see the sight ;
" That noble fellow Collingwood,
How bold he goes to fight ! "
Love, that the league of Ocean spanned,
Heard him as face to face ;
" What would he give, Northumberland,
To share our pride of place ? "

The flag that goes the world around
And flaps on every breeze
Has never gladdened fairer ground
Or kinder hearts than these.
So when the loving-cup's in hand
And Honour leads the cry,
They know not old Northumberland
Who'll pass her memory by.

MASTER AND MAN

Do ye ken hoo to fush for the salmon?
If ye'll listen I'll tell ye.
Dinna trust to the books and their gammon,
They're but tryin' to sell ye.
Leave professors to read their ain cackle
And fush their ain style;
Come awa', sir, we'll oot wi' oor tackle
And be busy the while.

'Tis a wee bit ower bright, ye were thinkin'?
Aw, ye'll no be the loser;
'Tis better ten baskin' and blinkin'
Than ane that's a cruiser.

If ye're bent, as I tak it, on slatter,
Ye should pray for the droot,
For the salmon's her ain when there's watter,
But she's oors when it's oot.

Ye may just put your flee-book behind ye,
Ane hook wull be plenty;
If they'll no come for this, my man, mind ye,
They'll no come for twenty.
Ay, a rod; but the shorter the stranger
And the nearer to strike;
For myself I prefare it nae langer
Than a yard or the like.

Noo, ye'll stand awa' back while I'm creepin'
Wi' my snoot i' the gowans;
There's a bonny twalve-poonder a-sleepin'
I' the shade o' yon rowans.

Man, man! I was fearin' I'd stirred her,
But I've got her the noo!
Hoot! fushin's as easy as murrder
When ye ken what to do.

Na, na, sir, I doot na ye're willin',
But I canna permit ye;
For I'm thinkin' that yon kind o' killin'
Wad hardly befit ye.
And some work is deefficult hushin',
There'd be havers and chaff:
'Twull be best, sir, for you to be fushin'
And me wi' the gaff.

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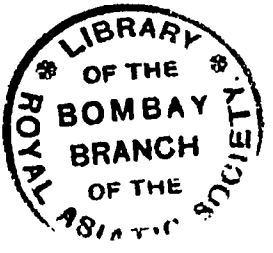
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